

[illegible]

Impression, and its results may be shown in violent form at any time. The situation is precipitated by Ireland's friends in Parliament, and is daily discussed. Timothy Healy, who was elected in the House at an early hour this morning, has been the first to speak against the Irish militia and which would make that body worse than useless in the event of foreign complications. An evidence of this feeling was shown. Mr. Healy declared in a recent instance in which the militia he believed were under the control of their officers to participate in the coming war.

There was much talk of the readiness with which Irishmen could join the Russians should the latter attack England; but that was unnecessary in the present condition of the Irish people. Let the Russians simply land 100,000 men in the Irish coast, with a few soldiers to drill the militia, and the latter would be ready to take up the arms and begin a revolution on the spot. England will find herself in an uncomfortable situation when the next European war comes if so just settlement of the Irish question is made now.

Mr. O'Brien at Queenstown said that was a great affair. The crowd gathered in as it did to witness the end of the yacht race. Almost every town in south-west Ireland sent a deputation to welcome him, and the crowd which assembled in front of the Queen's Hotel to hear his speech from all over the country, was merely one of thousands. It was such that he had never seen before. On his way to Cork, where he received the freedom of the city, Mr. O'Brien talked of his American trip. He was more satisfied with the result of his journey, and spoke enthusiastically and by name of the man whom he had made it possible for him to succeed.

A friend of Ireland, in a different way, has just arrived from America. James G. Blaine is living here at the Hotel Metropole, and was much gazed upon and discussed in the corridors yesterday. The most common remark was that he looked exactly like his pictures; that he had a very strange eye; that he looked like a big man, and that he was remarkably pale. Mr. Blaine is certainly looking very unwell, the result, perhaps, of his long journey. He looked deathly pale, and appeared very weak. He assured me that he felt good, and that he was well liked and greeted by Senator Hale and one or two other friends. An admirer of his informed the hotel-keeper that a very big man was coming, and that he ought to have up an American flag. The gentleman volunteered to lend a ladder, and one, and the principal porter was ordered to go and get a big old yellow post and chain. He did not understand our flag very well or chose to shine as a wag, so he spread out the cloth with the stars down. An American guest inquired what was wrong just in time to see Mr. Blaine from being greeted with a signal distress. Another American flag awaited him outside the door, and he stepped out of the third story of the Hotel Victoria, he in genuine Barbara Fritchley style by the hands of Miss Moffatt, the daughter of Dr. H. Moffatt, whom everybody knows in Devon.

Miss Moffatt explained to English friends saying Mr. Blaine was a great pet of hers. She said she knew him since he was a child, and being known in England almost exclusively through his expressions of sympathy for the Irish cause, is looked upon by an ultra-Irishman as a very numerous class as a representative of the dynamite form of American sympathy. Chattering group of English ladies in a drawing room of the hotel, discussing such a man under the same roof with one, but that after all was a guarantee that the dynamites would spare the hotel if they should conclude to celebrate the jubilee with any explosions. Two rooms which Mr. Blaine occupies with his wife and two children, are on the second floor. A faint view of the jubilee procession can be seen from the window. He will not, however, be reduced to such extremities, for should our minister exert his aristocratic influence to get his wife and children away, no doubt invitations are open to him from Americans who are more happily situated. One of the most fortunate of these is H. L. Horton, the Wall Street broker, who walked all the way Broadway in a Blaine procession, and is now resting in a dozen of first floor rooms at the Hotel Windsor. Mr. Blaine has several apartments open to him from Americans who are more happily situated. One of the most fortunate of these is H. L. Horton, the Wall Street broker, who walked all the way Broadway in a Blaine procession, and is now resting in a dozen of first floor rooms at the Hotel Windsor.

The jubilee fever is in height. Seats which were for sale last week for £2 now sell for £5. Some invitation cards to the Abbey have been sold surreptitiously for as much as £1. I had a look at the Abbey yesterday by favour of the Lord Chamberlain. The noble duke, who has been expelled from the Abbey, has been told off carrying are hidden with flags. Flaring blue flags flutter from the roof, and the fine work of art is transformed into a theatre, and a tawdry one at best. The sunbeams through the painted windows only serve to show up the ugliness. It will be difficult Tuesday, when the jubilee day occurs, to escape from the glare of incalculable brilliancy that will fill the vast building. Then the Abbey will lose sight of in the greater show.

The procession will be a most noble and calculated to take away the breath even of the most hardened democrat, and to make of great showman and organizer of processions. In an open carriage with a dozen of Princes and big Princes at that, as her escort. The Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Germany, many, and lots more will be mounted on the best horses before and behind her Majesty. A fair sprinkling of Kings, those of Denmark and Norway, and others, will be there. There will be in line also on horseback. There will be two or three Queens, and there will be Princesses literally by the wagon load. A tinged regal splendor will fill our eyes, even if we know that the Queen must have her neck rubbed with patent medicine at night, just like our own. And, England, too, will have the pain brought on by bowing, and that not of her Majesty, but most of the other Majesties and Highnesses will resort to such means of recuperation on the night of the show as would cause the friends of temperance to weep.

The scheme for celebrating jubilee week of total abstinence, which is proposed by the Temperance Society, is a failure for any other jubilee enterprise, as on jubilee day the public houses are to remain open two hours later than usual. The amount drunk will probably beat all authentic records.

The Crown Prince of Germany is stopping at Newwood, and rarely shows himself in public. He is a tall, thin, dark man, with a long beard, a man whom I saw reviewing the south German troops six years ago on the fields near Stuttgart. His face is pale, and his features do not thoroughly hide the thickness of his cheeks. He has been devastated by Dr. Morrill, a Quaker, and has a doctor, a Quaker, too, attending to him at his residence. The long ride through the hot and dusty streets and the howling crowds, on jubilee day cannot but be very bad for the Prince's throat, and causes his physician great anxiety. But the Queen is his mother-in-law, and besides, etiquette would not allow him to give the jubilee day a holiday. So he will have to incline to believe the rumour which declares the illness of the Crown Prince to be much more serious than is officially admitted.

The dynamite scare has been one of the sensations of this week. The police were greatly agitated, but did not know of dynamite preparations, but they had heard of references to them in some London papers. They knew how to capture the villains, they determined to seize them. They made up a strong story, giving the few points which they possessed, hinted at, and caused the alarm in the public mind.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]